

- (4) He has the pre-eminence, I Cor. 11:3; Col. 1:18.
- (5) Instituted the sacraments, Matt. 28:19; Luke 22:19, 20; Jno. 13:15.
- (6) Imports gifts, Ps 68:18 and Eph. 4:8.
- (7) Perverters of the truth do not hold to, Col. 2:18, 19.
- (8) Of refreshing to believers, I Cor. 10:4.
- (9) Everlasting and tried, Isa. 28:16; Prov. 10:25.
- (10) The only foundation, I Cor. 3:11, 12.
- 4 The trial that is to come, Matt. 24:36-39 and 42-44.
- 5 Tried by fire, I Cor. 3:13 and I Pet. 4:12.
- 6 What to do, Matt. 6:32.
- 7 Steps in the development of character, I Pet. 1:5, 6, 7, 8.

QUESTIONS FOR DISCUSSION.

- 1 What do you understand by the foolish builder and how far was he responsible for his foolishness?
- 2 What are some of the things that try the buildings we make in this world?
- 3 Why was the second man called a "wise builder?" In what did he show his wisdom? Was his the true wisdom? And is not wisdom always practical?
- 4 What must determine the character of the foundation to be built by each of us?
- 5 What is preferable a good foundation or a fine superstructure with a foundation not so good? Give reasons for answer.
- 6 Give some of the elements that you think must enter into the making of a good foundation.
- 7 What is the meaning of Matt. 6:33.
- 8 What is the meaning of I Cor. 3:11.

WM. D. FURRY.

HOW EASTER CAME TO KEDARVILLE

ADELA E. THOMPSON

"Was it pretty, Nell?"

"It was beautiful. There was a bank of flowers, lilies and roses, with palms and ferns all around the pulpit, the whole church was filled with the flower fragrance; and then the music and the sermon, they were all parts of one perfect whole. I never knew before what Easter could be to one. And I don't see why we can't have something of the kind in Kedarsville; not so much, of course,—this isn't a city,—but enough to carry the real Easter spirit. Why, I don't believe half the people here ever knew the Easter feeling in their lives."

"But where could we get flowers enough?" asked Beth. "I have four lilies in blossom, and Rachel has a palm; that will do for a beginning. So many have plants, I am not afraid for that. Besides, Easter comes so late this year that there will be some outdoor flowers."

"But, girls,"—Rachel Harte hesitated as she spoke,— "I think there is something beside the question of the flowers. Has any one spoken to Mr. Avery? Will he be willing we should do this?"

"There he comes. We can ask him now."

The little group of girls who had paused at the gate of Nell Raymond's home waited, as the minister, with his kindly face and well-worn black coat, came up the street.

"Mr. Avery, you are the very one we wanted to see," exclaimed Nell. "Do you care if we decorate the church for Easter?"

"It seems as if the flowers would make the day seem more real to us," added Beth shyly.

Mr. Avery looked from one to another of the bright, eager faces. "I would like it very much myself; more and more I have been trying to bring the Easter thought into the sermon and hymns. The question is, would the people like it? You know Kedarsville is somewhat conservative."

"Say 'old fogey,' rather," murmured Rachel under her breath.

"I remember," continued Mr. Avery, when I first came here I tried to introduce responsive reading of the Psalms, with the consequence that old Mr. Pitts left the church entirely. He was a good paying member too. I have never attempted any innovations since."

"But do you think any one would object to the flowers?"

"Perhaps not. I would rather, tho, that you would speak to the deacons about it first. If they are willing I most certainly am."

"I guess I can manage the deacons all right," said Nell, as Mr. Avery passed on, "especially as one of them is my grandfather. And, yes, he and Deacon Green are coming this way from the postoffice now."

"Grandfather," was her greeting, "look up at the window and see how pretty my lilies are. I think we will have them in church next Sunday."

He paused and glanced towards the fair, white blossoms. "Don't they look just as well where they be?"

"Oh, but they are Easter lilies, and next Sunday is Easter. We want to take these, and as many more flowers as we can get, to the church. Don't you think they would look nice there?" The old man's prominent under lip took on a new wrinkle.

"I don't know much about these new-fangled ideas. We never had no fuss an' feather fer Easter in Kedarsville, an' we've got along perty well, so fer as I can see."

"But," urged Rachel, "we take peonies, and lilacs, and roses, when they are in bloom; why is it worse to take flowers one time than another?"

"That's so," said Deacon Green, with a glance at Deacon Potter, who was understood to dominate in church matters; "blows look pretty at any time, to my mind. Mother sets great store by her blows; I shouldn't wonder ef she had some now."

Deacon Potter wavered a moment more. "Oh, well," he said, "I s'pose there'll be no peace ef you young folks can't hev your way. O'd folks an' old ways is bein' pushed one side, an' we may as well get used ter it."

"Now, grandfather," laughed Nell, "you will be charmed with this new way, I know you will."

A little grumble in his throat was his answer, as, setting down his oak stick, he trudged on together with Deacon Green.

"Now," said Nell, "the first thing is to get all the flowers we can. Beth, suppose you and Rachel go east and south, and I will go west. Old Mrs. Keith had a lovely rose in her window the other day."

"Perhaps, tho, she won't let you have it. She or Tom hardly ever come to church any more."

"At any rate I shall give her the opportunity. Ellen, you have not said a word yet. What will you do?"

"Flowers, as you know, are not in my line," answered brown-eyed Ellen; "but I will look after the music. We have choir meeting to-morrow evening, and I will go right away and talk it over with Mr. Dill."

"That's our good Ellen; the music is as important as the flowers, and sing one of your best solos, too."

Old Mrs. Keith sat in one of the splint-bottomed chairs in her sunny kitchen quarantining apples into the big wooden bowl in her lap. It was a spring like April morning, but the brown gingham sun-bonnet, turned back a little from her broad and not over-cheerful face, did not indicate that Mrs. Keith had any idea of going out. Summer and winter alike, indoors as well as out, the sun bonnet formed part of Mrs. Keith's attire. Why she wore it nobody knew, perhaps from long habit; she could hardly have told herself; but there it was, and however much people might laugh, there it stayed.

The sun bonnet gave a slight tilt as, in answer to a knock on the side door, she gave a brief invitation to "come in." "That you, Nell Raymond? Just take a chair; my lap's so full I can't well get up. My Baldwin apples, that I'd lotted on keepin' till May, are all spoilin', an' I've had to cut 'em up for mince meat."

"That is too bad," said Nell; "but what a fine spring morning it is!"

"Oh, yes; but spring brings no end o' work. Young things like you don't know much what the cares of life be, I can tell you."

"No, I suppose not," assented Nell. And then, plunging into her errand, "I see you have such a beautiful rose, I did not know but you would lend it to us for the church next Sunday. It will be Easter, and we want to decorate the church with flowers."

Mrs. Keith gave her sun bonnet a shake that sent her spectacles still lower on her nose. "I don't know; Kedarsville never had no flowers in the church for Easter, that I ever heard of. Seems to me that's 'Piscopal way, or city-like, and we ain't no 'Piscopal here, nor many that wants to be citified either."

"Oh, no," Nell hastened to say. "A great many churches that are not Episcopal or in cities have an Easter service now. I am sure the meaning of the day if for us all. And your pink rose is such a beauty."

"Yes, it does look middlin' well. But it's more Tom's than mine. Tom always was a posy boy, most anything'll grow for him. You'll have to ask Tom about the rose, mebby he'll let you have it, I dunno. He don't go much on the church anymore, Tom don't; is sort 'o tired of it, I guess. Me? Oh, yes, I go once in awhile. I can't walk so fur any more, an' it's a good deal 'o trou-